The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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The Poet's Corner.

NO RING.

What is it that doth spoil the fair adorning
With which her body she would dignify,
When from her bed she rises in the morning
To comb, and plait, and tie
Her hair with ribbons, colored like the sky?

What is it that her pleasure discomposes
When she would sit and sing the sun away—
Making her see dead roses in red roses,
And in the downfall gray
A blight that seems the world to overlay?

What is it makes the trembling look of trouble
About her tender mouth and eyelids fair?
Ah me, ah me! she feels her heart beat double,
Without the mother's prayer,
And her wild fears are more than she can bear.

To the poor sightless lark new powers are given,
Not only with a golden tongue to sing,
But still to make her wavering way toward heaven
With undiscerning wing;
But what to her doth her sick sorrow bring?

Her days she turns, and yet keeps overturning,
And her flesh shrinks as if she felt the rod;
For 'gainst her will she thinks hard things concerning
The everlasting God,
And longs to be insensate like the clod.

Sweet heaven, be pitiful! rain down upon her
The saintly charities ordained for such;
She was so poor in everything but honor,
And she loved much—loved much!
Would Lord she had thy garment's hem to touch.

Haply, it was the hungry heart within her,
The woman's heart, denied its natural right,
That made her the thing men call sinner,
Even in her own despite,
Lord, that her judges might receive their sight!

ALICE CARY.

THE MOUNTAIN HEART'S EASE.

By scattered rocks and turbid waters shifting,
By furrowed glade and dell,
To feverish men thy calm, sweet face uplifting,
Thou stayest, them to tell

The delicate thought, that cannot find expression,
For ruder speech too fair;
That, like thy petals, tremble in possession,
And scatters on the air.

The miner pauses in his rugged labor,
And leaning on his spade,
Laughingly calls unto his comrade neighbor
To see thy charms displayed.

But in his eye a mist unwonted rises,
And for a moment clear,
Some sweet home face his foolish thought surprises,
And pauses in a tear—

Some boyish vision of his Eastern village,
Of uneventful toil,
Where golden harvests followed quiet tillage
Above a peaceful soil.

One moment only, for the pick uplifting
Through root and fibre cleaves,
And on the muddy current slowly drifting
Are swept the bruised leaves.

And yet, O, poet, in thy homely fashion
Thy work thou dost fulfil;
For in the turbid current of his passion
Thy face is shining still!

BRET HARTE.

Our Special Contributors.

A STORY FOR WIVES.

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

In reading the article in your columns last week on woman's poetry, I thought for the benefit of *such* poor women I would give to such a little of my experience.

All that is said of the slavery of women is true; but much of it can be remedied by pluck and determination, by taking a common sense view of the situation, as a chapter that I will now give you from every day life will show. When I was a young housekeeper I had a neighbor—a refined, cultivated, beautiful woman, who, in spite of the generally accepted theory that "woman's sphere is home," acted as if she thought women had no sphere at all.

In her time, she was afraid to say her soul was her own. She never presumed to purchase a paper of pins, a tin pan, or a pap spoon, without consulting his Honor who was then a member of Congress. Imagine then her surprise to see me repairing my house, painting, building a piazza or summer house, cutting a door or window just when and where I pleased.

"Oh!" said she to me one day in deep sorrow, "I do wish I dared to follow your example. I am in such need of a cook-stove. I have an old cracked thing so small it takes my cook all day to do her baking, and then it will not bake after all; in fact, it will not roast, or broil, or fry, or anything. I have lost several good cooks because they could not be tormented with that stove."

I had heard this dear little woman fret so much that I lost my patience with her submissive spirit. So on one occasion I said, "Your husband is rich, can afford to pay for a stove, and now whilst he is in Washington why do you not just buy one, and all the other things necessary for yourself and children?"

"Oh!" said she, "he would fly into such a rage; I dare not spend a dollar without consulting him."

"A man's rage," I replied, "is not a fearful thing if a woman knows just how to meet it. Now look at your case as it stands. On the one side you purchase two stoves for your dining-room and kitchen, cut pipe holes, and with dumb stoves heat two nice rooms up stairs where your children can play all winter, your food is all properly and easily cooked; the presiding genius in your kitchen is radiant with smiles as she moves about Stewart's range with boilers, bright pans, and its army of utensils, and a mountain of trouble is rolled off of your soul in these daily inconveniences to which you are now subject, and $200 will easily pay for all the comfort these stoves could bring you. On the other side, in the Christmas holidays, prancing up and down your parlors, an angry man appears on the scene who will rant and splutter about fifteen minutes, or more. A man of common sense, like your husband, trained in parliamentary tactics, will know there is no use to make a row about what is done—what cannot be reconsidered. Now, which do you choose, to meet a fitful gust, that in the nature of things must be brief in its duration, or endure all these inconveniences three hundred and sixty-five days in a year? I should not hesitate."

Roused to a condition of heroism, the little woman suddenly brightened up, and said:

"I will go at once and order two stoves if you will go with me!"

You may be sure, dear reader, that I went gladly; for I had long desired to see this man enlightened as to the limits of his sphere. As we slowly wended our way to the hardware establishment I advised her, that as she had decided to purchase two stoves, by all means to get the largest and the best she could find, as the wrath of her Adam would be no greater over the the expenditure of a large sum of money than a small one. "It is," said I, "the principle involved that will pique him, for he will see in this act a personal declaration of independence on your part, and if you go through the ordeal with the dignity and determination I hope you will, you will be comparatively free ever after."

"But," said she, "what shall I do in the first explosion? How shall I meet it?"

"Without saying one word," I replied. "Rest your head on your hand and pensively gaze out of the window. Any ordinary man will exhaust an ordinary topic in fifteen minutes; but every response suggests a new standpoint from which to view the subject, and starts him afresh: therefore, make no reply." The stoves were purchased, pipe holes cut, dumb stoves established, and the atmosphere of the house in both a moral, as well as material point, was quietly improved; the cooks scolding was changed to hymns of rejoicing, and the mistress moved about with new self-respect, with an occasional shadow, however, on her soul in view of the dreaded encounter. At last the honorable member returned, and as the pretty Louise told me, did perform all the antics she had anticipated, rushed into the kitchen, up stairs, down stairs, exclaiming, "My God! pipe holes, dumb stoves, excelsior range! Well Madame, I hope you are prepared to pay for all these things. Why did you not consult me?" No answer. She had consulted him five years on that point. Louise neither moved nor spoke, but as the storm lulled, she said in her quiet way, "Dinner is ready, Charles," and walked into the dining-room. Time moved on, and Louise moved on, gradually taking up the reins of government, *in her own sphere*, and everything assumed a brighter, happier aspect than under the old dynasty, and Charles even seemed to enjoy the new face of things as much as anybody.

A few years after that Horace Greeley gave us a temperance lecture in that town, and I in-

vited him to dine with us with this same Charles. The question of woman's rights coming up, the peculiarities of Mrs. Greeley and myself were duly set forth by our respective husbands, and all the independent things we had done, and ever would do, were laughed at and duly commented on at the table. As said Charles joined freely in the general hiliarity at our expense, I could not resist describing to Mr. Greeley the stove performance, or the first declaration of independence in the household of the honorable member, and how that timid little slave waited his coming with the greatest trepidation, but under my training had learned most successfully to beard the lion in his den.

"Well," said Charles, after we had all had our laugh out, "I never could understand how Louise was so suddenly transformed from an obedient, docile wife to such an independent, self-asserting woman; but I must admit I like her better in the new character, and from the bottom of my soul I thank *you*. I am a better man for being taught that there is a limit to my sphere."

Moral:—If your husbands can afford the necessaries and comforts of life *take them without consultation*. In the present stage of development we cannot consult with most men, for they think they know what is best for women as well as themselves.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND THE "NATION."

BY MRS. GOODRICH WILLARD.

For the special benefit of the great gander of the *Nation*, we will continue our discussion of the "various questions upon which the male mind is just now so sorely perplexed." We are happy to acknowledge that said gander still condescends to notice us "reforming geese," by a short but very contemptuous hiss. Nevertheless, we are pained to perceive that his courage and strength are failing him, as the hisses are not near as frequent nor prolonged as they used to be. He ought to take a good allopathic dose of the celebrated "Sherman-Dahlgren" anti-woman's rights mixture, in order to re-assure and revive him.

THE LABOR QUESTION

is so grand, so important, and so comprehensive, that we hardly know what to say in the small space to which we must confine ourself.

The present struggle for the rights of labor is but a continuation of the struggle for individual right and freedom that has been going on for ages past. The great struggle of humanity for freedom has been a struggle for the rights of labor against the usurpations of savage warriors and kings, and selfish lords and tyrants, and unjust political leaders.

What is human freedom but a right to one's own time and vital energy—a right to the fruit of one's own labor? and what is slavery but the unjust appropriation of one's time and energy and labor by another?

The present struggle for the rights of labor is as much a struggle for freedom as the Revolution of '76. It is as much a struggle for freedom as the war of the Great Rebellion when the colored slave was freed from his task-master. The war of the Revolution was a war to give to every man the right to help make the laws that should control and protect the fruits of industry, and so was the war of the Rebellion.

The laborer is still the slave of capital, whereas capital should be the servant of the laborer. Capital is the tool of labor, and every laborer should be master of his tools. Every laborer who is a pecuniary success to himself does and must control his capital.

The woman movement is a labor movement. It hinges and turns on the rights of labor. The ballot is merely a protection to these and other individual rights.

Whenever complaint is made, charging the government with injustice toward the laborer, we are constantly met with the reply that demand and supply do and must regulate the wages of labor—that government has nothing to do with it—that legislation cannot control it.

Does the natural law of demand and supply, or does legislation regulate the wages of labor, when the law says to the hackman, "You can only charge so much, and no more, for carrying a passenger so many miles?" Does the law of demand and supply, or does legislation regulate the wages of labor, when the law gives the husband the right to control the earnings of his wife? Did the natural law of demand and supply, or did legislation regulate the wages of labor, when the law remanded the slave back to his master to work for nothing?

If the natural law of demand and supply is a just law; if it is the best law to be governed by, why not apply it to all kinds of labor? Legislators and other government officers claim that they are laborers. Why not award their labors to the lowest bidder, in accordance with the law of supply and demand? If the law of demand and supply must regulate the wages of labor, why does it not regulate the pay of the drayman and hackman, including all kinds of political hacks and wire-pullers?

If the natural law of demand and supply must regulate the wages of labor, why should it not regulate the ownership of the property that accrues from labor and its wages? If one man feels a need, and makes a demand for money or for property of any kind, and if another man has a good supply, why should not the natural law of demand decide who should own and use the property? Why should the civil law interfere to protect the property holder, while it refuses to protect the laborer who produces property? If law makers and capitalists insist upon ruling the laborer by the natural law of demand and supply, which is the law of force, doubtless the laborer will ere long return the compliment with a vengeance. Property would doubtless change hands very much under the natural law of supply and demand. Under the action of such a law in the control of property, it would be decided whether a few men can monopolize the earth and its products, and make laws to compel the laborer to protect them in their monopoly, while the laborer is compelled to work by the hap-hazard law of demand and supply, or starve.

Those who insist upon ruling the laborer by this blind law of chances will find that it will not answer the demands of social order and harmony. Anarchy and lawlessness always prevail more or less in social life where legislation does not regulate social action. In social organization, all things must be free to move in their own spheres and orbits; but all things must be tethered to law as the planets are tethered to the sun, else social dissolution must follow.

One thing is certain, if legislation does not interfere to protect the laborer and give him justice, then the laborer will be compelled to take his protection into his own hands, as, indeed, he is already doing, by strikes, labor unions, etc.

Have a care, ye law makers, to the interests of the laborer, for the equilibrium of justice must come; if not by the peaceful action of legislation, then it will come by the natural law of force—by the wrathful clashing of the elements of society.

In its highest, best and truest sense, a laborer is one who puts forth muscular or mental effort to some useful end or purpose. In this sense, every government officer is or should be a laborer, and in this sense, I will quote a few paragraphs from the *Nation* of Feb. 23d, upon the subject of labor and its compensation, under the head of "Salaries," as follows:

"There is something singularly pitiable in that frame of mind of our public men, which is always willing to place the nation in the position of a mendicant. The public servant must be one of two classes, a self-sacrificing patriot or a thief. He must give to his country that which everywhere else commands a higher price, or he must pay himself in unpermitted ways. The system of meagre and inadequate salaries is the great and fruitful progenitor of fees, and pickings, and perquisites (that is stealings); but, of course, the answer is reiterated that the offices are easily filled, that applicants swarm at the present rates of compensation, to which we can but again and again reply that they certainly do, and a sorry tribe they are. So would they also swarm if you reduced your salaries one-half, and the more you reduced them, the more they would swarm, and the sorrier and the less competent would they become. After all, even when serving republics, the laborer is worthy of his hire."

The truth of the above quotation will appear still more striking if we change a little the phraseology:

"There is something singularly pitiable in the frame of mind of our law makers and capitalists, which is always willing to place the most useful laborer in the position of a beggar. The productive laborer, who supplies us with the common necessaries as well as the luxuries and elegancies of life, must be a self-sacrificing slave to the capitalist, or he must turn thief. He must give to his employer that which everywhere else commands a higher price, or he must pay himself in unpermitted ways.

"The system of the meagre and inadequate pay of many kinds of labor is the fruitful progenitor of theft, robbery, murder, burglary, incendiarism, and the whole catalogue of vices and crimes, including the social evil.

"Of course, the answer is reiterated again and again that demand and supply must regulate the wages of labor, that the supply is greater than the demand, that applicants swarm at the present rate of wages, to which we can but reply again and again, that they certainly do, and a very sorry set of laborers they are, and sorry work they perform, and so they would swarm if you reduced their wages one-half, and the further you reduced them, the sorrier and less competent they would become, until reduced to a state of the most abject slavery."

We are glad the editor of the *Nation* has discovered that the laborer is worthy of his hire. It is one step in the path of justice.

When any man, whether it be "Tom Hughes, of Rugby," or the editor of the *Nation*, tells workingmen that "the remedy for their troubles lies in co-operation, that is, in self-restraint, economy and industry, and not in politics and blatherskite and strikes" (see *Nation*, Oct. 27th, 1870), he utters some very fine truth and some very precious nonsense as well as some very pernicious errors.

It strikes me that self-restraint, economy and industry are new interpretations of co-operation not found in Webster. It strikes me

that "strikes and politics" are much more nearly allied to co-operation than self-restraint and economy. Self-restraint, economy and industry are very fine lessons to teach and practice; but it strikes me that it would be much more appropriate to teach the practice of these fine virtues to capitalists and to their idle, extravagant families than to poor working men and women.

The laborer ought to give the same reply to such talk that a wife once gave to her fast, extravagant husband, when he was trying to impress her with the idea that she must be "more industrious and economical, and not pay out so much for hired help;" when she said, "Doubtless it would be a very fine thing for you to have me do all the work and practice all the economy, as the less money I use, the more there will be for you to squander."

One thing is certain, just as long as workingmen and women allow capitalists or monopolists and lawyers to manage politics and control the government, just so long will they be defrauded of the fruit of their honest industry and economy. Their political rulers and money masters will see to it that they are kept so near to starvation wages, that they shall not get above "good working order."

I always suspect the motives of men when they advise women and workingmen not to have anything to do with politics. It is a pretty sure sign that they want to manage politics themselves, that they may control the government in their own special interests; that they may keep women in subjection, and revel in idleness and luxury on the fruit of the laborer's toil.

"Strikes" and wars are doubtless very bad things, nevertheless they are sometimes very necessary in the assertion and defence of human rights. "Who would be free himself must *strike* the blow." Of course *strikes hurt*, they are very hurtful sometimes, nevertheless they are among the first steps necessary to be taken to compel justice from oppressors, and to bring about a true system of co-operation among laboring men. "Blatherskite" is not a necessary concomitant of politics and strikes.

If it be true that demand and supply regulate the wages of labor, it is equally true that politics and legislation, not only control and and regulate supply and demand, but often create and destroy them.

The earth, and air, and water are full of the elements of labor, and God knows that society is kept in degradation and suffering, both physical and mental, for want of the fruits of labor. Then why, in the name of common sense, are those who would work obliged to wander about seeking work and finding none, when there is so much need of labor to make society and the earth what they might and ought to be? Why is the supply of labor greater than the demand, producing such competition as to compel the laborer to work at starvation prices, when there is plenty of work to be done, and when nature is so bountiful with the necessary elements to perform it?

Answer: because there is neither a just nor sufficient medium of exchange between labor and its elements and fruits; that is between labor and its commodities. Why can't the carpenter, who is "chock full of days works," but who can hardly get money enough to support his family, I say why can't he make a visit to New York or Boston? It is because there is neither a just nor sufficient medium of exchange between his labor and rail road labor; that is he cannot get money enough to buy a ticket.

And whose business is it to provide the necessary medium of exchange between different kinds of labor and their elements and fruits? It is the business of Congress "to coin or make money, and to regulate the value thereof;" and Congress, as the responsible agent or servant of the people, has no right to delegate this power to irresponsible banks and bankers, who compel the people to pay exorbitant rates of interest at both ends of the currency they provide; interest on its bonds and on its loans. The false monetary system that controls the distribution of the fruits of labor, could not be maintained another day, if the people understood the wrong under which they suffer, and the ruin that it is bringing upon this nation.

If we had a currency based upon true and solid foundation, (instead of the golden apex of a cone of bonds,) and enough of it to meet the wants of exchange, and with a just rate of interest, (and also a just settlement of the land question,) there would be no surplus of laborers in the labor market. On the contrary, the demand would be greater than the supply, and the compensation for all kinds of labor would be so good, so equal and so just, that every body would go to work with a will, and would vie with each other in producing the best quality of work, which is the only competition that labor should have. Laborers from China and from every other part of the world would be welcome; the more the better to develop the resources of this great continent, and make it as beautiful as the garden of Eden; and the more labor saving machinery to help do it, the better.

I am sorry to hear any "sentimentalist" or philanthropist denounce or abjure the use of machinery as detrimental to the interests of the laborer. Labor-saving machinery has always elevated the laborer and always will. Labor is dignified just in proportion as it is brought under the control of the head; as by the use of machinery. There is no dignity in carrying a coal hod on the shoulders. If "sentimentalist" had a thousand acres of grain to reap, or a thousand shirts to make, or any other tedious or hard job of work to do, and had to do it himself, I think he would like to get the help of all the machinery he could. Nobody likes to be kept all the time at hard labor; and I wish that men and women never more need be compelled to harden their hands or bow their shoulders with toil. I should like to see machinery do all the hard work, and I believe it will some day.

I would like to see every body refined and beautiful, and good and happy, and when we shall have a just government, that shall take care of the interests of labor, and help to develop and organize the use of machinery in every possible way to relieve human hands and shoulders, humanity will be more and more refined and elevated and intellectual, until the hard distressed faces, and ungainly distorted forms in human shape, that we now see, will be seen no more. Humanity needs justice, not more hard work, nor fewer workers.

But of course, if we had a just government, there would be no more speculating in gold nor in real-estate, and nobody could live in luxury on the interest of his money, without "lifting his finger" to perform any kind of useful labor, either of mind or muscle. Everybody would be compelled to live by his own labor.

If justice were done to the laborer through the government, there need be and there would be neither poverty nor pauperism, with their attendant misery and crime. The government and its administration are at fault. They are weighed in the balance and found wanting. Let "the powers that be" take warning, lest they be turned out to eat grass with Nebuchadnezzar.

The earth is rich with abundance and comfort and happiness for every human being, who will do his or her part toward developing its resources, if but the just rewards of labor were secured to those who perform it.

Nothing less than an even handed justice can prevent the horrors of a civil war, and I very much fear that this war must come, and bring destruction upon the ruling classes, before they will permit the inauguration of justice. Let them remember the horrors and the results of the Slaveholder's Rebellion. Slavery in all its formss is doomed to die.

Our government is a government of lawyers, wielded in the interests of capital and monopoly. It must be a government of the the whole representing and protecting the interests of labor.

MR. TRIP'S SOLILOQUY.

BY MADAME FRANKE.

I am a man of iron will; of muscle too, Iv'e boasted; my fancy stocks I palmed, until with nabobs I was toasted. My wife is a good tender soul, her duties all acquitting. My daughters deem a man's control their nature unbefitting. I clothe them fair; am debonnaire; no gift my hand refuses. And each might wed a millionaire yet foolishly refuses. They prate of business, with the lips that lisping French should stutter, and drum their little finger tips, and traitorous speeches mutter. My eldest talks of independence now being the fashion, and of the "good time coming," when in new paths they may dash on; when men may, think and women act, and leave the times unshaken; or if you please, reverse the fact, and still no glamour waken. My second pushes back her hair, a white brow thus revealing, and waves her lily hand in air, her fine eyes bright with feeling, and says she has a legal mind, is bound to be a lawyer! I should scarce be more shocked to see her turn out—a wood sawyer! My third, my bonnie, bonnie girl, with tear-drops softly shining, says (while she twists about a curl), "to do or die," she's pining. And she shall "do" a worsted dog, or "do" the graceful "German," or "do" the lover, who *incog.*, at Newport "did" the merman! Or her fond father she may "do" out of his brown stone houses, so she but drops this bug-a-boo, and leaves reform to trousers! Around my neck she throws her arms and bursts out in new madness, that physic is the only thing her mind receives with gladness! Prophetically, I seem to view my tender daughters three, Sir! —a Lecturer, a Lawyer too, and lastly, an M. D., Sir! With woman's rights I'm almost dazed; would urge an emigration, but that I learn (to my amaze) it's flooding every nation. No rocky fastness shuts it out, no land, nor seas, nor labor; the veriest squatter turns about, to find it next-door neighbor! Alas! my brothers, old and young, our scepter hath departed! Fling wide the gates! we must succumb! the "coming woman's" started!—*Golden Age.*

Notes About Women.

—No wrong will ever right itself.

—The Empress of Austria is in the last stages of consumption.

—The Empress Eugenie doesn't love Louis' relatives.

—There are over forty women editorially connected with the New York press.

—Miss Zoe Dana, daughter of C. A. Dana, writes most of the book reviews for the *Sun*.

—Mrs. W. Sprague Hoyt's wedding presents are said to have exceeded $50,000 in value.

—The Female School of Art in London is thriving.

—The "New Chivalry" is the subject of Mrs. Francis E. Willard's lecture.

—The Queen of Holland is the most accomplished royal woman in Europe.

—Alice Cary died February 12, which is the date of her father's death in 1866.

—Mrs. Stanton says she has never heard any sensible argument against woman suffrage. Who has?

—Mlle. Henrietta D'Angeville, the first lady who ever made the ascent of Mont Blanc, died at Lausanne, lately, aged seventy-seven.

—Mrs. McFarland-Richardson is giving dramatic readings in Providence, R. I. She appears attired in deep black.

—A Sedalia editor says that a girl who is now called "a beautiful blonde" would, a few years ago, have been termed "a towhead."

—Woman does not say she will come down, but says man must come up to her standard.

—Wendell Phillips declares his belief that the experiment of universal suffrage is a failure, so far as great cities are concerned.

—Mr. Beecher has been a good deal badgered by people who wish to find out who was Cain's better half.

—Gail Hamilton has said some sensible things about the cruelty practiced toward children in hotels.

—Charlotte Bronte made good bread, and went patiently through her household work for the sake of her household.

—Margaret Fuller and George Ripley began a new era in American literature as reviewers.

—Miss Wade of Cincinnati has made nineteen ineffectual attempts at suicide. "If she will she will, you may depend on't."

—Women are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness is not drawn out of them until they have been in hot water.

—Mrs. Jesse Fremont looks as youthful as ever, but her hair is prematurely white, and lends additional beauty to her face.

—In a criticism on her works, the Westminster *Review* says: "No American woman has evinced in prose or poetry anything like the genius of Alice Cary.

—Memorandum for Mr. Greeley—A couple of girls near Fon du Lac, Wis., cultivate a one hundred acre farm, and support themselves and parents out of the proceeds.

—The ladies at the head of the Berlin Midnight Missions claim that their charitable enterprise has been, by far, more successful than those in the other large cities of Europe.

—At a recent railway festival the following striking sentiment was given: "Our mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."

—Mrs. Abraham Carpenter of Lancaster, is the daughter of George Ross, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

—A female lecturer says the only decent thing about Adam was a rib, and that went to make something better.

—Some one good at puns says the Garrett of the woman's rights cause in England has brains enough for all the empty headed sisters.

—Miss Julia Cathay, of Ripley County, Ind., is reported to have been rendered hopelessly insane by the receipt of several anonymous letters containing horrible threats.

—Mrs. Lillie M. Spencer, the well-known artist, is engaged upon a full-length portrait of Mrs. De Kroyft, the blind author and lecturess.

—Mrs. Dr. Reusch Formes, wife of the distinguished singer, Carl Formes, has been elected an honorary member of a medical college in Philadelphia.

—The bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, which passed the House of Commons, was rejected in the House of Lords.

—Miss Muloch says: "There are doubtless as many good people in towns as there are in the country, only, perhaps, the good would be better still if they lived in the country.

—The wife of T. Buchanan Read, the poet-painter, is said to bear a striking facial resemblance to the world-renowned Venus de Medici in the Pitti Palace.

—The celebrated Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines says that of the one hundred lawyers who have opposed her in her suits, fifty-six drank themselves to death.

—A lady in Fon Du Lac slipped on the ice and broke her leg, and the first remark she made after the accident was: "I wonder if Harry will marry me now?"

—The young ladies of Waterford have established a debating society and call it "Sorosis." Their last debate was on the question: "*Resolved*, That man is a developed monkey."

—Dr. Dio Lewis says tea is a great enemy to the complexion. He warns young girls who wish to retain their freshness from using the beverage and says Adam's ale is the only fit drink for a lass.

—Thackeray once wrote that he "always had rather a contempt for a man who, on arriving at home, deliberately takes his best coat from his back and adopts an old and shabby one."

—Gov. Scott, and all the leading politicians of Columbia are in favor of giving women the suffrage in that State, and the prediction is freely made that women will vote there in less than three years.

—The negro women are in excess of the negro men in South Carolina, and largely in excess of the white females of that State. Give them the ballot and the power of the Republican party there will be doubled.

—The ladies of Chicago, in solemn con clave assembled, have resolved that "man's headship in the state, the church and the home is an exploded idea of the dead past, opposed to a Republican government and Protestant religion."

—It is said that there are over twenty thousand children working ten hours a day in New York and Brooklyn tobacco factories, and fully half that number are under fifteen years of age.

—Gail Hamilton says that when women undertake to earn money they become men. Does it follow, O, thou female Solomon! that when a man ceases to earn money he becomes a woman?

—Twenty Boston ladies have contributed three thousand dollars, and sent that sum to Europe for the purchase of rare and choice articles to be sold at one table of the French Fair.

—Mrs. Gen. Logan, Mrs. Douglas—wife of Stephen A. Douglas—Mrs. Slidell and Mrs. Gwin are mentioned as having been the political inspirers, counselors and advisers of their husbands.

—An English writer says in his advice to young married women, "that their mother Eve married a gardener." It might be added that the gardener, in consequence of the match, lost his situation.

—A marriage notice in the Bangor *Whig* has the following singular appendix: "No cards, no cake, nobody's business. Clam chowder this evening, March 22nd. Friends and relatives are invited."

—Miss Faithfull is delivering a course of six lectures on elocution, in connection with the Female College, at 164 Great Portland street, London, to the students and others wishing to join this special class.

—Wm. Howitt told Miss Brewster that the most patient man would have found it difficult to live with Lady Byron, and Griselda herself could hardly have endured Lord Byron, so no wonder they separated.

—Female suffrage has been inaugurated in Rockdale county, Georgia. The other Sunday, in a Sunday school at Conyers, the ladies out voted the men two to one, and had things their own way.

—A western woman has invented "spirit bride photographs," in which the bashful bachelor sitter's physiognomy is surrounded by those of the maids who would not be averse to become his bride.

—Ladies complain of the great and deplorable dearth of education among the majority of young gentlemen. They are said to have a superficial knowledge of everything except billiards, dancing, club swinging and champagne.

—Hawthorne once told a friend that for months together he did not speak to his own sister, with whom he was living. When asked if there was any trouble between them, he said: "No, but their spirits seemed to be frozen."

—A Convention, under the auspices of the New England Labor Reform League, will be held in New York city, May 6th, 7th and 8th, commencing with a discussion on Trades Unions, in Cooper Institute, Friday evening, May 5th. Distinguished speakers from various portions of the country will be present.

—"The *Metis* wife does not eat at the same table as the head of the house and her sons; but very often takes her food on the ground apart, or on the mat. At church it is the men who occupy the benches and chairs; the women occupy the passages and keep near the doors."

We would advise Dr. Newman to get a parish among this peculiar people after his own heart.

—A bold French writer has dared assert, "that women and dogs are the most necessary and agreeble companions of men." Somebody regrets that the Rev. Dr. Newman did not use this as a text for his discourse on "Woman's Submission to Man."

—What can Charlotte Smith, of Rockport, Mass., want of her runaway husband, whom she describes in an advertisement as "a little man, badly crippled in one leg, one leg shorter than the other, false teeth, and bald head."

—A lady recently advertised in a New York paper that she wanted a "gentleman for breakfast and tea," while another in the same journal asks for "a husband having a Roman nose with strong religious tendencies;" and a third party seeks to recover "a lost wallet belonging to a gentleman made of calf."

—A young lady, running as a Republican candidate for School Committee, in Nashua, N. H., recently, was defeated by her father, who was on the Democratic ticket. She probably found it easier to endure a beating from her own father, than from the male relative of some other woman.

—Madame Anna Rattazzi is engaged in writing a book, entitled, "Ma Prédiction," and in which, referring to her former literary attacks upon the ex-Empress Eugenie, she tries to prove that the exile of Chiselhurst is principally responsible for the downfall of the second empire.

—Woman's sphere has been much enlarged in Prussia by a recent order of the Minister of Education: Women who prove themselves qualified are to be accepted as teachers of modern languages in the public schools, a profession hitherto monopolized by the masculine gender.

—A Boston minister once preached about the "Recognition of Friends in the Future," and was told after service by a hearer that it would be more to the point to preach about the recognition of friends here, as he had been in the church twenty years and didn't know any of its members.

—A Jefferson (N. Y.) farmer laughed when his prudent wife advised him not to smoke on a load of hay. He footed it home that night with his hair singed, most of his garments a prey to the devouring element, and the iron work of the wagon in a potato sack, and then his wife laughed.

—Alas for the rarity of Christian charity! A young woman not more than twenty years old starved to death in Rochester, N. Y. She had striven silently to support herself after being deserted by a worthless husband, and was too proud to let her poverty be known.

—They tell of a passenger car driver in Boston who recently wore a thick green vail to protect his eyes from dust. The Boston *Transcript* says "he was so attractive and deceptive that not a few young men took passage by his side, supposing woman's right to drive had been recognized by the corporation."

—The *Round Table* says: "If any woman's head grew into such monstrous shapes as may now be seen in all directions wherever women are congregated together, it would be a cause of mourning to her family, of consultation among eminent surgeons, and she would probably spend the greater part of her time in judicious seclusion."

—Mrs. H. C. Spencer, in a letter to the Washington *Chronicle*, relates the following story:

"A colored woman, who heard some one read a report of Dr. Newman's sermon on 'Domestic Relations,' said: "If a man knocks his wife down she ought to lie still and submit, ought she, 'cause he's made in the image o' God, you know? 'Pears like these images o' God is mighty tough cases 'mong us poor folks. Wasn't it a good thing for the world the Lord didn't make woman in His image?"

—The French Republic as represented by the constitution of the Rochefort party, lays down as a corner stone the political equality of men and women. In the fifth clause it declares "universal suffrage comprehends all citizens, men and women, enjoying the right to vote." Farther, when it uses the term "people," it always explains it by adding "men and women.

—Gail Hamilton advises women to strike for higher wages. She says it is their own fault if they are poorly paid. Let them ask and they will receive. G. H. evidently came into this world to make straight its crooked paths. She has got her own recipe for most of the ills flesh is heir to, and just give her a chance to clap on her little poultice and all will be well.

—London possesses a Poor Woman's Club, "The Berners," with an establishment something after the order of "Boffin's Bower." It has 350 members. The house is supplied with a drawing room, coffee room, and a reading room furnished with newspapers, periodicals and books. Its arrangements are admirable, but it simply fails to pay. The subscription is seven shillings a year, with an entrance fee of one shilling, and £200 yearly must be raised by voluntary contributions to carry on the good work.

—Some time ago a woman was tried and proven guilty of murder in the backwoods counties of Mississippi. Her counsel could find no redeeming clause to save, and at last appealed to the chivalry of the jury, who gave their verdict as "Not guilty—because she is a woman!" This sort of tenderness has faded out of more civilized communities; witness the recent execution of Mary Wallis, in Maryland.

—We have received a letter from the Rev. W. D. Corken, an English gentleman on a visit to this country, at present stopping in Boston. He is one of the Council of the Female Medical Society and Ladies College, of London, a valuable institution for the instruction and employment of women in the practice of midwifery and the treatment of the diseases of women and children. This college has been carried on for five years, and within that time eighty-two ladies have availed themselves of its advantages, and are now settled in practice and doing admirably. Thus in England midwifery and nursing have been rescued from empiricism and elevated into a profession. The Earl of Shaftsbury acts as Presidents. The list of Vice Patrons embrace the names of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Archbishop Manning, the Baroness de Rothschild, and the Countess de Noailles. Mr. Corken writes us the gratifying intelligence that THE REVOLUTION is much prized by his friends in London. We are hoping soon to welcome him to our own city.

—Woman's war against the dram shops is fairly inaugurated in Ohio. One Mrs. Streeter recently recovered damages of three hundred dollars from a liquor seller for having supplied her husband with liquor, and the consequent injury to her means of support. A Mrs. Wilson also obtained a like sum for a similar cause. The venders of rum are getting frightened, and many dram shops have been closed.

—One J. Downing sapiently remarks: "I think that the privilege of depositing a strip of printed paper in a box will not change Fannie's ideas as to the desirability of marrying John." His opponent answers: "This is all the argument needed to knock down every opponent to woman suffrage. It will not cause a beard to grow upon her face, take the music out of her voice, rob her of her charms, nor her woman's loving heart; it will not in any measure change her womanly instincts nor cause her to be any more 'manish' than she would otherwise be."

—A Woman's Christian Association is about to be incorporated at Scranton, Penn. A lot of land and five hundred dollars have also been donated in the same place for the purpose of establishing a Home for Friendless Women. The Home of the Woman's Christian Association in Cincinnati is especially intended as a boarding house for young women whose wages are under six dollars a week, and who desire pleasant and salutary associations. Over one hundred have been admitted during the present year. The price of board is $3.50 a week, and those not able to pay this amount receive assistance. The report shows that in three years past more than three hundred girls have enjoyed the advantages of the home founded by the Young Women's Christian Association.

—The *Tribune* says:

"A Mrs. Copenhagen, who last week died in Boston, left a large and well-selected assortment of legacies. She gave the Catholic Home for the Destitute, $500; the Female Medical College, $400; the Woman's Suffrage Association, $300; the Anti-Cruelty to Animals Society, $300; the Consumptive's Home, $300; the Young Men's Christian Union, $250; the Ladies' Physiological Society, $150; the Warren Street Chapel, $200. Here seems to have been a sensible woman, with a clear idea that a little money judiciously distributed will go a great way. She must have been, too, entirely catholic and liberal in her sentiments, with an excellent conviction that there are more ways than one of doing good in this unfortunate old world. The legacies are small comparatively, taken singly, but the benevolence which dictated them must have been of the largest kind.

—We are pleased to announce the fact that Jane Ann Dunn, whose heroism in saving the lives of four children from a burning building in Brooklyn was chronicled some time ago in THE REVOLUTION, has been presented with a beautiful gold medal, bearing the simple inscription, "Honor to whom honor is due." Mr. C. W. Riley was instrumental in raising the fund, and the workmanship and engraving were the joint donations of Hart Brothers and Mr. Morris, of Brooklyn.

—Mrs. Brough, in a communication to a Milwaukie paper, says, "I don't wish my four daughters to be elbowed at the polls by vile women; therefore I am against woman suffrage." Mrs. Brough had better follow Hamlet's advice to Ophelia, and hie to a nunnery with her interesting family of daughters, as, if she allows them to walk in the street, they will run the risk of being elbowed by vile men, even if they do not meet them in the parlor, and vile men, according to our standard, are quite as vile as women of the same stamp.

Our Mail Bag.

THE CORRUPTIONS OF ENGLISH SOCIETY.

MARCH 6, 1871.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

The comments upon my letters from Woolwich, by H. Hollist, have been so well answered in two papers in the same number of your journal, headed, "Shall Vice be Pampered" and "The Social Evil," that I need not have replied, but that I wish to draw attention to one passage which adopts a line of arguments used with most mischievous effect in reference to many other questions. It is this: "Let every mother pause before heeding *the false and sentimental cry* that measures of prevention* would but countenance and legalize vice." The question is, is it a "false" cry? and even if it is a "sentimental cry," does that necessarily prove it to be a false one? Sentimental is a very indefinite term, and, when used as a contemptuous epithet, generally means conceited or affected; but in this sense, my criticiser, who writes very courteously, does not, I am sure, intend to use the word against us.

She means, I apprehend, that, in this decided stand the women of England have made against the measure of government referred to, we bring forward mere sentiment or feeling against the horrible fact of vice and disease. Sentiment or feeling may be a superficial thing, having no ground in reason, and is then love of one's own opinion or prejudice. Sentiment or feeling may have deep ground in reason, and is then a love of truth, goodness or principle.

Our first instinctive feeling of dislike to this legislation we have traced back to what we conceive to be a sure foundation in reason; and having J. S. Mill and Herbert Spencer on our side, we may conclude we are on the right ground so far. This being the case, we have a right to consider that our feelings are not based on prejudice, but on principles.

This our enemies here are pleased to ignore. As Mr. Foster, M. P., one of the principal supporters of national education said, when questioned upon the subject of the Contagious Diseases Acts, "I prefer facts to feelings," he not being well able to say, "I prefer facts to principles," though most of the present-day expediency-diplomatists *act* as if they did. But we not only believe, but shape our conduct according to the belief, that we prefer trusting to principles rather than to facts. Facts are transcient; facts are illusory. Facts may be twisted and warped, mistaken and misrepresented; but principles are as they were in the beginning, are now, and ever shall be; and human hands cannot manipulate them to serve their own purposes as they can facts.

From laws founded on good principles, we can surely prophesy good results, though we all well know that, in any reformation founded on good principles, in the beginning the facts seem to be against indicating a good, peaceful and harmonious result. On the other hand, from laws founded on the contradiction of right principles, we can as surely prophesy evil results, however much in the beginning facts may show temporary success.

It is indeed in the nature of a good, new law to produce temporary discord and disorder, because it has to battle against the existing order of bad things; but a bad law has necessarily temporary good and peaceful results because it props up the existing order of bad things. Like as one lie added to another, to prevent exposure, gives temporary relief; but the penalty to be paid in the end for the accumulation of evil and lies is all the greater. But this the expediency law maker cannot or will not see. He has his own little kettle to mend, sees the "fact" of a hole in it, takes hold of any solder he can find to mend it, no matter if it be composed of flesh and blood; human bodies and souls, no matter; there is the "fact" of the hole—feelings or sentiments are of no consequence; and so he puts his solder into the fire. He knows nothing, and cares less, about the principles of souls or bodies, or the principles of fire, and if he burns the house down with his tinkering, so long as he gets out of it, no matter!

One of the effects which we prophesy as the result of this system of legislation is the general lowering of the tone of respect of men towards women—that kind of respect, which, in a former number, THE REVOLUTION has so well shown to be valuable, not as a mark of mere etiquette or courtesy to our supposed inferiority or weakness, which is but a disguised insult, but as a recognition of our higher moral and purer nature. The contempt for feminine purity, the openly-shown patronage of feminine impurity, is no slight, fanciful or sentimental objection, but is that which leads a nation to ultimate ruin.

Curiously enough, I had a practical illustration of this contempt of moral decency, while reading in the train from London to Woolwich the letter I am now answering. I got into a first-class carriage, in which were seated two gentlemen. At the next station, a woman got in. From her dress, expression of countenance, looks, manners, no one, man or woman, of any observation could doubt as to her character or "profession." The three sat immediately opposite me; and while the two gentlemen remained, no notice was taken of the woman; but when, after some little while, one of them left the carriage, the other beckoned the woman over to him, she came, and sat close beside him, and a long and animated conversation ensued, their heads being brought in as close contact as possible, her hand resting on his knee. I moved to the other end of the carriage and read THE REVOLUTION very attentively. Before leaving the train, the gentleman handed his gold pencil-case to the lady and his note book, in which she wrote what I concluded to be her name and address, and then handed them back to her companion. I don't think, a few years ago, an English gentleman would have been guilty of such gross and bare-faced conduct.

I should like to relate a little history that came under my own notice, which, like the straw telling which way the wind blows, shows the state of feeling in England which has led to this legislation—a state which, I fear, is, in most so-called civilized countries, very much the same, and may, therefore, if the women of other countries are not on the watch and alive to the danger, break out into a similar result.

A friend of mine was returning from one of the Australian colonies. The passengers on board the vessel destined to convey them across the water appeared, at first sight, of no very refined description. They were men principally, and these, for the most part, owners of sheep and cattle stations, and all a hard drinking lot. One young man she noticed drinking off two or three glasses of raw spirits before breakfast. Among such a company as this, the reader may imagine that the conversation and manners at table were anything but pleasant or refined. Most of the other women on board kept their cabins, either from illness or dislike of the company. Still my friend held her ground, not wishing to make the monotony of the long voyage more insupportable by shutting herself up in her cabin, trusting rather, by endeavoring to be friendly with all, to gain some hold and influence over them.

However, one day, things went a little too far. Her temper rose, and with, I doubt not, no very mild expression of countenance nor very mild words, she dealt a rebuke to the company, and left the table. The rebuke had a good effect. Though it excited the anger of some, the captain and those of the men who had any gentlemanly feeling left in them felt rather ashamed of themselves; and after a long talk, it ended in the resolution that the supply of spirits should be restricted, not allowed to be given out before a certain time in the day, and then not over a certain quantity. My friend had the satisfaction of being told by the captain, at the end of the voyage, that, thanks to her, that trip had been the most "sober passage" he had made.

After this little scene at the dinner table, the young gentleman, whose intemperate habits had been before observed, came to my friend, and made many apologies for the part he had taken in the conversation, and from that time he left off his horse play on deck and his dram drinking and coarse fun below, and seemed to take great interest in conversing with her. Then, of course, these two were said to be flirting, and I, for my part, do not intend to deny it; but I know that she did her best to instill some better and higher ideas into his mind.

His history was a very common one. He had run away from school because he had been flogged; had then, at his own request, been sent to sea; had got tired of that; had returned to plague the life and temper of his family, especially that of his father, through the ravages he made on his pocket. Then, as is usual with good-for-nothing lads of this sort, he was, as a last resource, packed off to Australia, his father providing him with the means of purchasing a sheep-run or cattle station. Here he apparently succeeded; that is to say, he made money instead of debts, and that with fathers, and too often, I fear, with mothers, also, is taken as the sole criterion of reform and improvement. The open air life he led was a healthy one, and gave him strength to carry off without apparent injury any quantity of strong drink. He had also gained that species of discipline of mind and life which constant work which suits a person's taste and capacity will always produce. He was on his way back to England, at the request of a bachelor uncle, whose favorite he had always been, and who now promised to make him his heir. He had a father

* The argument is not fully and fairly stated. "Prevention of what?" should be asked. Prevention of vice certainly would not legalize vice; but the attempt to prevent a disease produced by a vice, leaving the vice untouched that is unprevented, does legalize or allow the vice.

and mother, brothers and sisters, all anxious to see him back again.

The end of this "flirtation" was an "offer" daily most pertinaciously and warmly urged for about a fortnight before the vessel reached England. My friend in vain told the young man she was old enough to be his mother; bade him consider what his uncle and family would say if they heard he had allowed himself to be "caught" by a "designing widow" on board ship. The silly youth, grateful towards one who, perhaps for the first time, had given him a glimpse after higher aspirations, shown him an insight into a higher life and tone of mind and "sentiment," instinctively feeling, also, that without help he should sink back again to his former self, mistook this mingled feeling for love. My friend, while steadily refusing the honor of his hand, having a woman's dislike to give pain to the man, who, from whatever motive, gives her his preference, refrained from telling him that she would rather throw herself overboard than join herself or her life with such an one as he. So, with a man's usual vanity, thinking, if the objections of the family were removed, the lady's could easily be overcome, and that then she would consent to become his "guardian angel" (delightful thought!—to the lady, I mean), on the first available opportunity the youth started off, boat-haste and train-haste, to see the said uncle, with whom he seemed to think his fate mostly depended.

They met again in London, at —— Hotel. He had had his wild locks brought into order by the hair dresser, and his colonial dress exchanged for a well-made suit, and looked both handsome and gentlemanly—very unlike the dram-drinker, with his pale face and pinched features, taking his morning dose to steady himself.

I give the conversation repeated to me as far as I can remember it:

"Well, my friend, what said your uncle?"

The young man looked confused, stammered, blushed—yes, poor fellow, he absolutely blushed!

"Don't be afraid to tell me. I can guess pretty well what he said."

"I don't think you can, though; he didn't say anything about you—didn't even ask your name, or who, or what you were." (Rather mortifying this, I should say.)

"Well, never mind; tell me all about it, unless, indeed, it was some family confidence you would rather not repeat."

"No, I'd rather tell you, only I don't like to."

She leaned back in her chair, leaving him to make up his mind whether to tell or not to tell; but I have no doubt that her curiosity was fully aroused.

"Well, I'll tell you exactly what he said. I said something about marrying, or wanting to be married, I forget what. My uncle laughed and said, 'Oh! I see—a desperate 'board ship attachment; will be over in a week, now you're on shore; never mind that; fill up your glass, my boy.' Splendid wine my uncle's got. I'm afraid I took rather more of it than you would have thought right; but he's such a capital fellow, and such splendid wine!"

"Well, after you had taken some more of his splendid wine, what then?"

"Well, then—but I hardly like to tell you; but I know you've got no nonsense about you. Well, then, he said, 'Now, I'm going to give you a bit of advice before you begin life again in England. Your brother has just made a great mistake—committed a perfect folly. He has taken a woman to live with him as his mistress—taken her to a house in St. John's Wood.'"

"I am glad to find he considers such a thing a mistake and a folly."

"Stop a bit. He went on to say, 'Taking a mistress is almost as bad as taking a wife. You may get a child by her; then you'll have to give something to the support of the child; besides, the woman then always thinks she's got some claim upon you. Keep out of that sort of thing, mind. If you want women, there are plenty of them in the town—fine women, handsome women; amuse yourself amongst them; only be a little careful; don't go amongst the lowest,' etc."

She told him that was enough; and with the last hold she had over him, induced him to leave town immediately and to join his family, who lived in the country. Their influence, she thought, might be better than that of the bachelor uncle. But he had two brothers who were fast young men, and two or three sisters who were fast young ladies, and in about a month's time the poor young fellow returned to London, and plunged into all the manly vices of the times, following, doubtless, the "*good* advice" of his uncle.

This, after an absence of about twenty years from Europe, was my friend's initiation into the evil mysteries of London. She did not then know as much as she does now of men's lives and of the total want of principle of the majority, and she being rather a thoughtful woman, pondered these things, often asking herself what must have been the past to lead to such a corrupt present, and what from such a corrupt present would be the corrupter future! So, when the subject of the Contagious Diseases Acts was brought before her, she recognized it as the work of this immoral and deadly spirit. She recognized it as an attempt on the part of the government to do for men by public measures what men, being a "little careful" for themselves, had failed to do. She recognized it also as having the same motive as the "good advice" of the uncle; requisites to enable men to take their pleasure amongst women without submitting to the inconvenience of either marrying or having children. She recognized it also as the road to ruin for the country, as it had been the road to ruin to her young friend.

There is one other point I wish to advert to, though I fear my letter has grown too long already. It is the plea that this law should remain for the benefit of married people, that innocent wives and children should not be injured.

Married men, even though unfaithful, might have some affection left for their wives, some love for their children, some dread, and even shame, of bringing on their offspring, on those who should bear their name after them, the fruits of their vices. If these natural good feelings had taken their right course, and this dread and shame, which, from the danger only lately having been palpably apparent and publicly known, has been but recently awakened, had been let work its right work, married men might, from affection and fear, have been led to struggle back to the right path—have been led to reform their lives, and then, by presenting a purer picture of home life, have led single men also to reform their lives. But now, good example, there is to be none; good principles, of what men's and women's lives ought to be, there are to be none. The government itself sets these at defiance; checks to vice from love, from fear, from shame, from decency, there are to be none. We may all, married or single, go to the bottomless pit together; there is no danger! Pleasure is cheap—women are cheap—vice is cheap! Marriage is expensive—children are expensive—virtue is expensive! Selfishness is the watchword; and if selfishness in the end inevitably kills self, a paternal government will patch up its rotten constitution by laws of expediency, so that, like the hectic consumptive patient, he shall dream not that he is on the road to the grave. Yours, truly,

L. M. KING.

Book Table.

FROM FOURTEEN TO FOURSCORE: By Mrs. S. W. Jewett, New York. Hurd & Houghton, Cambridge; Riverside Press, 1871.

The preface of this volume, which is written in the style of a novel, leads one to conclude that it actually embraces a life history. It contains a great variety of incidents somewhat jumbled together, and spun out considerably beyond the readers patience. The heroine passes through varied scenes. She oscillates from riches to poverty, and then back again; appears at length in fashionable New York society as a belle; meets a man much older than herself; with whom she falls in love, treats him in the freaky, inconsistent, absurd style common to young ladies in story books, leaving upon the reader's mind the vivid impression that she deserved a good shaking; meets him again after three years, when he has been ruined and disgraced, and finally marries him and goes out West to live in a cabin in the midst of a fever and ague district, where her husband falls ill and goes to Europe, and the villain of the story attempts her ruin, but is foiled by the return of her husband, who has concluded not to die, and has regained sufficient strength to give the base deceiver a sound thrashing, which, however, he does not get, as he runs away, and probably, like the celebrated character in the nursery rhyme, lives to take it some other day—at least we hope so. Finally "Maggie" and her husband return to the New England village where they first met, and open a school. Here the narrative deals mainly with their children who turn out some well, some ill, like other peoples' bairns. In spite of being a little slow with a good deal of rather heavy and dragging dialogue, the book has interest. Many of the popular questions of the day, such as spiritualism, woman's rights, etc., are discussed in a way which shows the writer to be progressive in the best sense. Many who are heartily sick of the Sylvanus Cobb school of novel would doubtless find this book a genuine relief.

Religious Meditations, and other Poems, Liberal, Reformatory and Miscellaneous, by C. L. James, author of the "Law of Marriage," "Manual of Transcendental Philosophy," etc. St. Louis, Mo., Bowman and Matthews, printers, 1871.

It is evident from a perusal of this little book that Pegasus has not yet become domesticated "Out West." To quote Shakspeare we might say:

"This book is great because it is so small
And it were greater were it not at all."

Burnett's Cologne—The best in America

Burnett's Cocoaine, the best hair-dressing.

Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.

Burnett's Kalliston is the best cosmetic.

Burnett's Asthma remedy—A sure cure.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1871.

IMPORTANT TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

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For 15 Subscribers and	$30,	we will give a Doty Washing Machine. One of the best assistants in domestic labor.
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" 10 " "	$20,	a splendid bronzed eight-day Clock.
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" 2 " "	$4,	Representative Women, being the portrait of seven ladies identified with the women's movement.
" 2 " "	$4,	silver plated Butter-Knife.

We propose to extend our list by adding such valuable premiums as are especially calculated to meet the wants of women.

"IN RE REAM."

ROME, ITALY, March 15, 1871.

Almost as soon as we reached Rome an article clipped from the N. Y. *Tribune* and entitled "In Re Ream," was given us for our perusal.

It was one of those art criticisms wholly indigenous to the American soil. It carried us back to New York in spirit and was so natural that we could hardly believe we were actually in Rome. It made us feel at home to read such a choice morsel of personal abuse which gives such a piquant flavor to our newspapers and makes them so palatable to the American taste.

Premising that "there is a certain class of people whom nothing short of flaying alive will satisfy," the *Tribune* proceeds to perform that agreeable task for Miss Ream in a style which ought to satisfy even the most exacting of that "certain class" to which the aforesaid journal alludes.

The description of the "fair enslaver of the Senate," the hints of her lobbying for a studio, the allusions to her seances and to her "jaunty and coquettish costume," "her gushing and infantile grace," and "the flash of those now historic eyes and hair," are touches of high art, but in any other country than America they would not pass as criticism upon a statue. With due deference to the *Tribune* we submit—to use its own words—that "art is insulted and taste slapped in the face" by such a criticism upon an artist, even if that artist were not a woman.

The work *is* a legitimate subject for censure if it deserves it; her person, her costume and her manners are not.

In the whole long article the only attempt at criticism of the statue of Lincoln are a few phrases such as this: "At last she completed a formless thing she called a model."

The critic proceeds to tell us that "she knew she could no more make a statue without some man's help than she could make a living model of a Bambino."

After this prefatory sentence which we have just quoted and which we are sure has never been outdone, and, we trust, may never be equalled in indelicacy and indecency by any art critic, we are informed that Miss Ream "sailed for Italy with her clay image and a few photographs of the President. She gave these to some of those skillful statuaries who do such excellent work at cheap wages, and while they were cutting the marble Miss Vinnie went about in very picturesque company," &c.

It cannot be possible that any one sufficiently well informed to write on art matters in the N. Y. *Tribune* is ignorant of the fact, that *all* sculptors after making their clay models put them into the hands of workmen to be transferred into marble.

The stone-cutter performs for the artist the same office that the printer does for the author. The setting of type for an article is no more a mechanical task than the cutting of a marble copy of a model which has been given to the skillful mechanic, and it would be absurd as to call such a statue the work of the men who put it in marble, as to say that the book or essay was the work of the printers and stereotypers who put it in type.

It was not strange that people in America were so ignorant of the sculptor's art as to be shocked and surprised at Miss Hosmer's account of how statues were made, which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* some years ago. We well remember what a thrill of indignation ran through the public veins when it was first discovered that the Greek Slave did not come direct from Mr. Powers' own chisel! People felt almost as if a chromo had been palmed off upon them for a genuine picture.

Such indignation and such astonishment however natural from people ignorant of artistic methods, is rather marvellous from art critics.

"The skillful statuaries who do such excellent work at cheap prices" are to be found in Italy, so also is the pure Carrara marble, and it is for this reason as well as for the advantage of models and other opportunities of study that our sculptors come abroad.

But Miss Ream is not the only one of these artists against whom such base charges are made. Nearly every man among our American sculptors has had the same slanderous story *whispered* about him, but the base whisperers do not dare to make these calumnies public. They dare not lift their adder tongues against a *man*, so they attack a woman!

As to the merits of Miss Ream's statue we know nothing, for we have not seen it, nor have we ever seen the young artist whose work it is.

If she is unfit for such a commission the blame should rest not upon her, but upon the men who gave it to her. If the Representatives and Senators who selected this young girl to make the statue of Lincoln for the Capitol, and the members of the Cabinet who accepted it when it was completed, have made a grave blunder in their choice of an artist, the disgrace is theirs and not hers.

This we say in the supposition that the statue is a poor piece of work. But though we know nothing personally of Miss Ream's ability or of her marbles, we will do her the justice to say that American sculptors in Rome who are superior to the meanness of envy, and to the magic of the artist's charming manners, say that she *has* marked and genuine talent. She is still young, and we trust that time and study will develop her natural gifts, we hope, too, that a brilliant future lies before her. But whatever that future may be, we will say for the present, that if she made and brought over her clay model here and had it put into marble, she did nothing but what all other sculptors do, and nothing which was not perfectly legitimate.

Every one with the slightest and most elemental knowledge of art matters will sustain us in this statement.

The excellence of the model is quite another question. Of the merits or demerits of the statue we know nothing and shall therefore say nothing, an example of discretion on our part worthy perhaps of the imitation of some art-writers under similar circumstances.

We would, however, claim no immunity from criticism for an artist because she's a woman. In the world of art the question of sex should be ignored.

If a writer, a woman's essays or books are legitimate material for the critic's crucible. The same tests may justly be applied to them as to the works of her brethren of the pen.

The like rule holds good in the sister arts of painting, sculpture, oratory or music.

Let her works be judged by the canons of art, and by those canons, stand or fall. But let criticism be confined strictly to the work and not extended to the artist's person, manners or character. With these the critic has no business whatever.

It is time that public opinion should be, roused and corrected upon this subject, and that such articles as this upon Miss Ream, which are a disgrace to American journalism should be banished from the columns of so respectable and influential a newspaper as the N. Y. *Tribune*.

THE CRY FROM FRANCE.

The fact that a few silly or thoughtless women in Boston—the place so wise in its own conceit, and yet so prone to some sorts of folly, should have attempted to foist upon public notice the likeness of the ex-imperial Charlatan of Europe, in the form of a vignette, attached to a fair paper, has called out much disparaging comment, just as it ought to have done. Such a proposition is an insult to our people who, in the mass, have the most undisguised contempt for the mountebank who has plunged France into such abject and hopeless misery.

But let it be remembered that the ladies who ventured upon that unfortunate breach of decency and good taste, were probably the representatives of a class of travelled snobs and

toad eaters, who have in time past found entre into the somewhat doubtful social atmosphere of the Tuileries, hob-nobbed with the dear, delightful emperor and her gracious majesty, the empress, and returned home utterly disgusted with republican institutions, and prepared to, metaphorically speaking, turn up their noses at everything American.

These curled and petted darlings of fortune with their trans-atlantic predilections in no wise represent the enlightened and patriotic women of the country. They are an insignificant handful almost as contemptible as the adventurer, whose colors they are attempting to fly. Thousands of the patriotic women of the land weigh and deliberate on all questions of great public interest, and the European war with the pitiful creature who wrought all this woe to France, stand before them in their true light.

There is a cry which is coming across the sea, and sooner or later it will find its way to our staunch, true-hearted women. France must be helped; she has been prostrated by the German hordes, and now she is showing herself both weak and wicked. But the mob of Paris is separate from the maimed, bruised, bleeding people who are hungry and desolate. The women of France cry to the women of America in their sore distress, amid their wasted fields, the charred and blackened remains of their homes, and entreat that they and their children may be spared from present starvation or future famine. They hold out their hands for bread; they pray that seed grain may be sent them to insure next year's harvest from the soil which has been sowed with blood, and watered with bitter tears.

If France has sinned much, she demands boundless pity from the hands of America. In the reckoning of generations, the time has come for repaying our debt to Lafayette, and if we shirk the duty we are recreant to a sacred obligation. We have but little to do in meeting this call for charity, with the public figures, devoted or self-seeking, noble or mean, strong or weak, who are now striving to organize, or anarchize, if such a term may be used, the broken fragments of French politics. We have to do with the men and women, poor, obscure, sick, hungry, maimed, who have no where else to turn for succor but to us, and let us see to it that their hope be not misplaced.

Let the sympathies of our women be enlisted for France—not for imperial France not even for republican France—but for bruised and bleeding France, prostrate in humiliation, blood, and tears. Let us think, if we can, with a quick throb of pity, of the homes where light, love, and hope have gone out for ever; of the lives that are crushed under terrible burdens, of the fortunes ruined; of women who suddenly changed into props and mainstays of their children, and instead of having strong supporters and bread-winners at their side, find themselves called upon to sustain mutilated and helpless men. Let us try and think what it is to be homeless, hungry and sick. Let us send our thoughts over into the decimated villages of France, and work for the obscure and unknown victims of this wicked war. Food, money, and grains are all urgently needed. Our farmers and farmer's wives can help this good work along by each sending a few bags of beans, peas, or wheat to the French Relief Association, whose appeal signed by a noble woman, and indefatigable worker, Othelie Bousson, to the ladies of America, we published a short time since. Mark your packages, "Relief of the Destitute French," and send them speedily to the address of this lady, 860 Broadway, New York.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION,

Under the Auspices of the National Woman Suffrage and Educational Committee, Washington, D. C.

The question of the constitutional right of women to citizenship and suffrage, having become, in its political and legal relations, a question of great and immediate importance, a Convention for its discussion will be held in the city of New York, on the 11th and 12th days of May next, at Apollo Hall, corner of Broadway and Twenty-eighth street. Distinguished and able speakers, both men and women, will take part in the discussions. There is at the present time a demand in both political parties for new and vital issues, affording, therefore, a special opportunity for this question to assert its claims as a political one upon the attention of the whole country. Every man and woman, who believes in a truly Republican form of government, is urgently invited to attend the Convention.

In behalf of the Committee.

ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER,
President.

Friendly papers please copy.

GOOD NEWS FROM DETROIT.

The friends of woman suffrage everywhere will bless God and take courage at the cheering news which comes from Detroit. Some of the active, stirring, wide-awake friends of the cause in that city recently obtained the registration of the name of Mrs. Nannette Gardner, in the Ninth Ward, and the Alderman of that ward being a most enlightened and liberal minded gentleman, but little apprehension need be felt concerning the result.

Mrs. Gardener is a widow and owns real estate on which she pays taxes, and bases her claim to suffrage on the ground of being a "person," within the meaning of the Fifteenth Amendment. An effort was made to strike her name from the list but proved unsuccessful.

When the motion was made in the Board of Registration, it appeared that the question was, parliamentary speaking, beyond recall. Twelve inspectors voted against having her name erased and six were in favor.

Afterward Mrs. Katherine A. F. Stebbins appeared before the Board and claimed her right to registration on similar grounds. After Mrs. Stebbins had stated her rights under the Fifteenth Amendment, Inspector Brooks then proceeded to argue that women derived no right to vote under it; that citizens and voters were not synonymous terms; that youths under twenty-one were citizens and not voters, because the law prescribed the age at which a voter became a citizen. Women were citizens but not voters—the Constitution of Michigan distinctly limiting the privilege of voting to males.

Mrs. Katherine A. F. Stebbins here asked Mr. Brooks if negroes did not vote in Michigan before the word "white" was expunged from the Constitution, and Mr. Brooks replied that they had.

When the vote was taken on the question, "Shall Catharine A. F. Stebbins' name be registered?" it was decided in the negative by thirteen to ten.

Peter Hill is the name of the alderman who registered Mrs. Gardener's name, and it is believed by our friends, prominent among them Mr. Geo. B. Smith, that her vote can be carried through; if so, he and his associates will have the honor of being the first men to get the first vote cast that enfranchises millions of women.

This initial victory, if it prove a victory, as we earnestly pray that it may, will in the history of the movement, take its place along side of Miss Becker's triumph when she discovered the names of two women on the register of Manchester, and induced one of them Lily Maxwell, to go with her to the polls and deposit a vote.

Mr. Smith, in his letter giving the history of the recent registration, suggests that it would be well for the suffrage society in every State to ascertain the opinion of the Attorney General, on the right of women to vote under the existing amendments, and if one can be found anywhere favorable to have a case made up and submitted to him. Then let a woman offer to register and vote. If the alderman or judges decline her vote refer the matter to the Attorney General for his instructions. If he gave a favorable opinion and it was published, it would have as much effect in his State as though the courts had sustained her claim, or the Legislature had passed a declaratory act, and if this is done in one State, the rest will soon follow suit.

Mr. Smith goes on to say, "if this is pushed in 1872, the politicians on both sides will be scrambling and rushing for the women's votes, with an earnestness and fury incredible. I am looking for strange things every day, and confidently expect that we shall soon witness the other extreme. It has been terribly offensive to the Democracy to bend the knee to the negro, but they would have no such delicacy about the women, and when the Rubicon is passed and women are live voters, both Republicans and Democrats will rush frantically to them for aid."

We await the result of the Detroit election with sanguine hopes, and whatever it may be, all honor is due the zealous men who have shown themselves instant in season, and out of season, to promote our glorious cause.

As we go to press, the news comes from Michigan that Mrs. A. B. Gardner on Monday voted in the Ninth Ward of Detroit, and Mary Wilson in Battle Creek. The ball has thus been fairly set in motion, and although this announcement occupies less than two lines in the columns of a daily paper, it is, perhaps, to the women of the country one of the most important messages ever flashed over the wires. It is the first step that costs. What woman has done, woman can and will do again. The example of these women, helped by their gallant male aiders and abettors, will inspire the strong, nerve the weak, gives courage to the timid, and fill the hearts of all our friends with rejoicing.

—Mrs. Polly Spicer, of Lisbon, mourns the loss of a barn and four tons of hay destroyed last week to satisfy the curiosity of a youngster as to whether "things burned up or down."

WHY SHOULD NOT WOMEN VOTE?

The arguments brought against woman suffrage seem expressly created to knock each other in the head. They resemble the scrimmage of the famous Kilkenny cats. We are told that women are mentally too weak to be intrusted with public affairs, and in the next breath that they are too pure to vote, and would only be defiled by contact with politics. Our opponents whine and howl, deplore and protest in every note of the scale over the great impending change in woman's status, and from reasons the most conflicting and contradictory.

Surely all these clashing positions cannot be true. Women are not at one and the same moment too good and yet too bad to be trusted with anything beyond a mop or a broom-stick. They are not so severely pure, and yet so prone to corruption as to make the experiment of the ballot dangerous and deadly in its results. Women are needed in politics for the very reason that they are morally better than men, with consciences more readily responsive. It is a false and terribly demoralizing doctrine which maintains that the important concerns of society must all be judged, weighed, and measured, by a low, huxtering spirit, which haggles with common honesty. Women must lift men up to their own standard of right, or at least do all in their power to rectify existing systems, and change the slimy, stagnant pools of party corruption into pure and living streams.

We claim that it is an impertinence for such clerical scolds as Laird Collier, the Rev. Hatfield, Newman, and others to whip out their yardsticks and attempt to measure the sex to which they do not belong. Let them talk to the people of that with which they have some actual acquaintance. They evidently have chosen to instruct the public on the woman question because they know nothing about it practically. They are following the example of St. Paul, who was an old bachelor, and yet dogmatized about marriage more than any of his married brethren.

If brute force is to be made the voting qualification, we will cut off all but pugilists and bruisers from exercising the rights of franchise. Women are much weaker than men, we admit, but if bodily strength is to decide the question, only Heenan, the "Benecia Boy," and a few others of the same sort can justly be admitted to the polls. So long as incapables of all sorts belonging to the other sex, including cripples, the halt, lame, blind, deaf, the diseased, from our hospitals can go to the polls and vote, no woman, however puny in body, can decently be excluded from the same privilege. The mental and moral objections can be answered in the same way.

It is not because women are exactly like men that they should have a voice in the government, under which they live, but just the contrary. Were they exactly the same in nature and endowments, men could represent them vastly better than they now do. What we complain of is that one whole side of human capacity is left out of politics. There is just so much force running to waste in the state, and in everything where women are not represented. How much this power needs to be utilized is seen in the crazy and disjointed workings of a man made government.

Our opponents never have brought any right reason to combat the positions of the woman suffragists. It is one of the most notable facts connected with the whole question. They ridicule and asperse individuals, they indulge in all manner of loud-mouthed denunciation, and prophetic rant and splutter, but they never yet have answered the simple straightforward question put by John Stuart Mill, "Why should not women vote?"

A GRAND RALLY.

We would invite particular attention from all friends of woman suffrage to the call for a convention, to be held at Apollo Hall in this city, on the 11th and 12th of May next, under the auspices of the National Woman Suffrage and Educational Committee of Washington. We urgently invite our country friends to give this notice a wide circulation, and request editors everywhere to insert it verbatim in their journals.

The National Committee hope to make this a grand rally of all the friends of freedom and equal rights from every part of the country. It will present an occasion when those who differ on minor points, matters of expediency, and methods of work, can come together and join hands for the sake of a cause they all hold sacred.

It is hoped that this meeting may prove the most enthusiastic and be marked by the most unanimity of feeling, and bring forth the best fruits of any assemblage of the kind ever before held in this city. The new power which the Constitutional argument applies to the car of progress will be used with telling effect, to push it along, and men and women are invited to come and listen, and weigh for themselves. The prime office of these conventions is to awaken thought. The ideas thus grafted in the mind are carried home and blossom into full and permanent convictions. We are willing at all times, and on all occasions, to allow our cause to rest on its own merits. When people are once led to inquire into woman's rights and wrongs, disabilities and grounds of complaint, the battle is half won; for prejudice works more effectually against us by hindering inquiry than by eliciting rebutting arguments. The posture of our national affairs is perhaps as grave as any that has occurred in our history. Mrs. Hooker aptly says in her call, "There is at the present time a demand in both political parties for new and vital issues, affording, therefore, a special opportunity for this question to assert its claims as a political one upon the attention of the whole country."

The time approaches when women must take part in politics, and every year which rolls around gives the subject added momentum. Circumstances are conspiring to vastly increase the rapidity of the whole movement, and little is wanting now but a determined, united, energetic effort among our friends who are prepared to sink all for principle and stand by that, and that only, until the end of which we now see the beginning shall arrive.

YOUTHFUL IMPROPRIETIES.

Mrs. Stowe has drawn a picture of a New York girl, who meets a young man in a horse car for the first time, allows him to escort her home, and at the door of a palatial house in Fifth Avenue, in return for his card, hands him her own. The *Sun* says, in commenting on Mrs. Stowe's representation:

"Any young lady, who should behave as Mrs. Stowe represents her heroine as behaving, would deservedly be set down as belonging to a disreputable class of women; and to offer her as a sample of our respectable New York girls proves, on Mrs. Stowe's part, either gross ignorance or a deliberate attempt at libel."

We don't think so. Mrs. Stowe's picture may be somewhat too highly colored; but the careful observer of the manners of a certain class of young women, who are still perfectly reputable, will be ready to acknowledge that a circumstance such as she has described might occur without demanding any tremendous stretch of the imagination.

The freedom enjoyed by our young women is a perfect marvel to foreigners. They are entirely incapable of understanding how it accords with safety and the preservation of good morals. The flirting which is carried on between strangers in omnibuses, horse cars, and on ferry boats, is so open and patent they cannot help seeing it. It may be, doubtless, in many cases, innocent enough, only engaged in for a bit of fun, to while away the passing moment; but it presents a series of phenomena incomprehensible to the transatlantic brain.

An English lady, in this dazed and bewildered condition, once said to us: "It would never do to trust English girls with the independence American young women enjoy. They are made differently, and the worst possible consequences would ensue. I am surprised that your girls can behave as I see them without the loss of caste and character."

The implied compliment was not undeserved. American girls possess an almost incongruous mixture of daring innocence, and the ability to protect themselves; though they often commit breaches of propriety and good taste, they know where to draw the line and can, as a general thing, be trusted.

Many of our girls here in New York, are idle and fond of excitement—in high health, with plenty of money to spend, and utterly free from care. The lounger up and down Fifth Avenue, of a sunny afternoon may meet them in shoals and squads, decked out in their finery, full of chatter and glee. There are also specimens of the young *genus homo* who appear to have been born for the sole purpose of squeezing themselves into the tightest of tailors' wares, and affording a feeble excuse for the display of coxcombry. These creatures, many of them, promenade the Avenue at all hours of the day; a few have achieved greatness and are as familiar to the dwellers of the street as the Worth monument. They have at command all the tricks and devices by which a low grade of acquaintance can be established with the demoiselles who flutter along the pavement. There is an acquaintance of the eyes and handkerchief. Silly, feeble minded impertinences are practiced, which, if witnessed by the paternal relative of the saucy rather fast young Miss, who, if she does not invite at least permits them, would doubtless be instrumental in drawing down the chastisement of a kick on the young male idiot who has been indulging in this silly sport.

This is a very absurd and ridiculous boy and girl play. It belongs to the vealy period. We are not considering now a despicable class of sharks who swarm in great cities and

molest decorous matrons, and are dangerous to unprotected young girls. We are dealing with the youthful improprieties which practised openly and without any attempt at concealment, impart to our English cousins such a shiver of the nerves.

The fact which nullifies the danger of freedom to American young women, is that they are as the Scotch say "canny." They would indignantly repel an insult, while they indulge openly in improprieties that seem to them harmless. With their quick wits they know they are more than a match for any male creature who is likely to enter into a regular or irregular flirtation, and facts go far to prove that the confidence reposed in them is not misplaced.

The state of society which can tolerate these things, undoubtedly has its dangers besetting the path of young girls; but to us, it is chiefly melancholy because it indicates the idle, aimless lives, that are squandered in the weakest of folly, the absurdest of vanity. Give our girls worthy work, stock their brains with ideas beyond mere dress and display, fill their days with something better than the froth of sentiment, and wishy-washy romance, which has as its ground-work, a love of fun, and the particular kind of bravado that youth, innocence, high spirits and freedom engender, and the standard of American manners will instantly rise.

It is a pity to own it, but our city girls are deplorably uncultured. The march of the world has left them one side; it has got to take them up and break them as it were. With the best material the most promising, crude qualities, they are, as yet, incapable of framing or practicing a code of manners which shall develop the inherent dignity, sweetness, and urbanity of our womanhood. It must come with the great change which is coming to the sex, and be the growth of enlarged opportunities, better education, and more than all, of ennobling work.

"HONOR AMONG WOMEN."

With great pleasure we lay before our readers a portion of Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour's admirable address, delivered in her capacity of President, at the third anniversary of Sorosis. It contains lessons of the utmost importance to the whole of woman-kind, and we doubt not will be read with eager interest:

"What bosom secrets must come to the ear of the physician, the lawyer, the minister. Here are repositories for all the errors and slips, the hopes, the angers, the misfortunes and the aspirations of struggling, suffering, sinning souls. Could they be trusted to unsound receptacles? When all these learned professions are filled by women, and the ears of women are filled with all these confidences, can women afford to hold them unsteadily? Can they babble and be winners of the prizes? No, verily there shall be such ample demands for the most scrupulous integrity, and personal honor, that the giddy, the frivolous, no less than the treacherous and dishonest, shall find no place in the successes of that new empire of women. We are sympathetic, we are social, we trust one another more frankly than men do, and when we are charged to the very lips with the strange burthen of some other hearts, or affection and fruition of our own, we are only too ready to pour them out to sympathetic ears, hoping, if thinking at all, that the discretion of a friend who has no interest to keep silent, will ensure the treasure we could not hold. They who have cheap news, sell it cheaply. The honor that could not keep a sad confession from the air, cannot excite in the hearer a nobility that can keep it; the loosened fact flies, augments, and multiplies; the spark that one tongue might have covered with its netcloth of reticence, flames over the wide region like a conflagration, and we say, those people are traitors, and the world's wife is a humbug, because they and she were precisely as faithless, with no motive to keep tight lips, as we were with every interest at stake. Honor then is the prime condition of worldly wisdom as of the heavenly, a key to success as it is a key to purity of character and all good worth.

"Nowhere is it of more vital concern than in associations we may form for the furtherance of noble ideas. The mere machinery of organization runs with infinite friction, or is torn and shattered, without the oil of this anointing. In the creak of the wheels, in the jolts and jars, and the pinched fingers that get thrust where they should not, the nerves are sorely tried and the finer morals get a little unstrung. But where a vital sense of honor prevades the whole assembly, Confidence reigns, Urbanity presides, Benevolence is ready with kindly interpretations, and even Ignorance and Inexperience can come without blushing to ask the way their work should be done. We go into committees, we have consultations; and they must be without reserve, they must have the freedom of crude thought which the private brain has, or nothing can be wisely discussed, nothing fitly finished. Plans and ideas must be heard, approved or condemned, modified or rejected, with the same respectful liberty in the associative mind as in the individual mind. The idea, matured to the best of the private ability, comes here to be ripened by the concentrated beams of the whole society. It may demand great courage, it may demand great fidelity to honor, for one to offer necessary protest, or for the imperfect suggestions that call for it, and nothing but the consciousness that all are true to one another, can keep one true to herself.

"We are not required to exhibit dazzling abilities, but we are required, and we are able to exhibit mutual consideration, firm integrity, a kindly charity and a readiness to be taught."

Correspondence.

THE ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

In the REVOLUTION of January 10, is an article signed "Fred A. Thayer," which suggests that persons of means contribute something of their wealth to assist indigent young women to the attainment of a college course of studies. With all such projects we heartily sympathize, yet any measure of this kind to become *generally* efficient must find a leader and become organized, a result which can only be accomplished in the course of years. We are happy therefore to announce ourselves in possession of information which may possibly be of some service in the immediate present to young women seeking thorough intellectual drill.

Here at Alfred Centre, in Alleghany county of this State, is a University of the highest order which we would especially recommend to girls, since not only in name but truly, it educates students of both sexes on terms of equality. Many of our institutions which theoretically acknowledge the intellectual oneness of the sexes yet practically give all precedence to the male students in the recitation room. There is no such favoriteism in this University, for every one entering here of whatever sex is educated as a *human being*. To young women desiring to go to college the following questions constantly present themselves:

What can I do to accomplish my purpose? How can I with my limited means and low wages obtain a thorough education? We are glad to be able to answer in some measure these enquiries. The Alfred University presents many advantages to those girls who must rely upon themselves. Tuition is placed at the lowest possible figure, while most of the young ladies here hire rooms and board themselves, the expense of living being reduced thereby about one-half. There is here no aristocracy in dress. Girls can wear calico and not feel that they are lowered in the social scale. The students of Vassar College will be able to judge how large an item of expense is thus avoided. A graduate of the last year's class wore the same plaid shawl from the time of her entrance to the close of her course. She now, as teacher, receives a salary of a thousand dollars a year. We hope there is no better standard by which to judge the merits of a school than the success of its graduates. The alumni of Alfred University rank as teachers of the first class, among them might be named Prof. Marvin, of Meadville; Ford, of Elmira; Anderson, of St. Louis; Rogers, of Harvard; and of ladies who have attained to eminence we would mention Dr. Chapin, of Brooklyn; Minnie Mintwood, of the *Rural New Yorker*, and Miss Ladley, of the *Times* and *Bazaar*. A young lady graduating here a few years since now receives the highest wages of any teacher in the State. In short, those who pursue the course of studies in this University are not outdone in scientific and classical attainments by the graduates of other colleges having a much wider reputation. We remember in our own school days, when ambitious of college honors, how sorely we were perplexed to find a school which should be both *thorough and cheap*. Believing that the sexes should be educated together we were determined to patronize no "female seminary." At last we decided upon the St. Lawrence University of this State, a school which claims to receive persons of both sexes "on an equal footing." But here time-honored customs were not entirely set aside, for, though girls were not positively denied elocutionary drill (as at Oberlin they are), still they were effectually discouraged from asking it. On this one point we quarreled with our professor and went home.

Some of Miss Anthony's earlier subscribers will remember our too hasty protest which was printed in THE REVOLUTION at that time. When, therefore, a year since circumstances brought us to Alfred Centre, we doubted entirely the assertion of those who affirmed that in this school men and women were educated in every department on terms of equality. But when we visited the public sessions of the lyceums we were happily surprised to find the girls giving us orations and recitations, with modulation and gestures which indicated, not only careful training, but training of the first order.

There is now here a graduate from Oberlin taking elocutionary drill with the purpose of becoming a public reader. Such discipline Oberlin refused to give her.

Girls are sensitive, as much so perhaps as their brothers, and do not like to feel that they are regarded as making a crusade upon the proprieties. Hence those schools which impliedly indicate some studies as not proper discipline for our sex do us thereby great injustice, as such a course excludes the most of us from the pursuit of such studies, since only girls the most mettlesome and "spunky" will defy the tastes of their professors, and even these not without much heartache. Not even the "strong-minded" are regardless of the opinions or the respect of those in high places.

We are glad therefore to be able to say of

Alfred College that it drills g'rls in the masculine art of elocution without even hinting that they labor under any disadvantages in this respect—are glad to say for them that those studies which are generally regarded as only fit discipline for the masculine mind, are here taught, without question, to every lady desirous to pursue them. This radical method is undoubtedly due to the fact that President Allen believes women capable of deciding their sphere for themselves, he having been for the last thirty years (as Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony are well aware), unequivocally in favor of woman's rights. The students too, have caught something of the liberal spirit, for when woman's enfranchisement is discussed in the lyceum (as it often is), the non-suffrageists are defeated, a record which we fear no institution of our own Green Mountain State can show.

Theodore Tilton when here expressed himself surprised at the high grade of the school; he also spoke with evident pleasure of the advantages which are here granted to girls in that they have equal chances with students of the other sex in every department of culture.

We would mention one thing more which renders Alfred especially desirable as a place of residence, whether one be student or otherwise; and that is the high moral and intellectual status of this community. Laws restricting the sale of intoxicating drinks have been enforced in this town for the last twenty or thirty years, while the merchants of this place are pledged to sell no tobacco to the students. There is also more general intelligence here than in any village of its size which it has been our fortune to visit. In a word, there is less poverty, less ignorance, less bigotry, and less dissipation in Alfred than is commonly met with in our rural villages.

We have just read an article in THE REVOLUTION which speaks of the indecent manner with which freshmen are treated at Harvard and other colleges. There has never been anything of that kind here, and we concur with your correspondent, that when women are admitted to our institutions this villianous custom will cease.

Indeed, the good work which is here being done is not half known, though well appreciated in surrounding communities, and we suggest to those girls desiring a college course of studies that they cannot find a school more worthy of their patronage than the University of Alfred Centre. Yours truly,

EMMA ELKINS.

"JESUS BAPTIZED" is the title of an engraving of great merit, just published by James Morris & Co., 200 Fulton street, Brooklyn, it is very highly spoken of by all who have seen it and will no doubt have a large sale. They offer great inducements to lady canvassers, for whom they advertise in another part of this paper.

Special Notices.

Ask any professor or graduate of any regular College of Pharmacy, ask any regular doctor, ask the physicians of even homeopathic persuarsion, ask any druggist in our land and they will all or any of them tell you that in some way they use *Buchu* as a curative agent for all diseases of the kidneys and urinating organs. Many of them will tell you that Helmbold's Fluid Extract is the best extract; while there are plenty of physicians who will acknowledge that they freely prescribe it for diseases as above mentioned. All these reasons added to the fact that for nearly a quarter of a century has this remedy been on trial "and *not* found wanting," has succeeded in placing it at the "*head of the column*" of all proprietary medicines. Doctor H. T. Helmbold, besides being the most liberal advertiser in the world, has, at No. 594 Broadway, New York City, the best regulated, the largest and handsomest drug store in existence, and where our friends can be assured a kindly welcome from not only the excellent doctor, but his gentlemanly employees.—*St. Joseph Union.*

THE REVOLUTION COMPLETE. — Twelve months ago public opinion was decided as to the mesits of the various advertised medicines for coughs and colds. All doubts upon this important subject seem to be now at an end. The unparalleled success of *Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar* has settled the question. It is in evidence that in upwards of five thousand cases of lung and throat complaints, it has not failed in a single instance to effect a cure. The result is a demand for the article that has no precedent in the history of proprietary medicines. Sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents and $1. Great saving by purchasing large size.

BE CAREFUL.—In these days, when tight hats, hot air, and sedentary occupations, cause the hair to fall out, it is a matter of no little importance to know which of the hair preparations are of *any* value. The majority, as has been frequently proved by the first dermatologists or hair doctors, possess little or no merit. Such being the fact, it is consoling to those who are afflicted to know there is really *one good article*, which is recommended and used by the first medical authority, and has stood every test many years. This preparation is *Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer*, a truly scientific compound, which is unquestionably the best preparation of the kind now before the American public. It will restore to gray hair its original color, cleanse the head thoroughly, cure all eruption of the scalp; and will always restore the hair so long as any germs remain, as they almost invariably do, until extreme old age has destroyed the roots. The original article is made by R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.—*Forney's Press, Jan.* 25, 1868.

The wild geese do not regard Dr. Ayer's wisdom in migrating north—such immense numbers of them as are flying over us now, while his almanac says: "Bleak and blustering about this time, with heavy suow."—*Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Times, March* 8.

We were too fast last week in our item on the conflict between Dr. Ayer and the wild geese. The doctor's science beat their instinct this time. Not for years have we had such a snow-storm as that of last Sunday. The snow lies three feet deep on a level in Minnesota, and two feet in Wisconsin, while the storm has swept from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains. Snow fell to various depths as far south as Denver, Fort Union, and Santa Fe. Learned as we believed Dr. Ayer in the arcana of nature, and wonderful as we knew his medicines to be, we were not prepared for so signal an instance of his superiority, not only over the wise men, but the wisest of animals whose instinct is considered unfailing. We drive up the peg more firmly than ever over our hearth for Ayer's American Almanac.—*Cedar Rapids Times, March* 10.

Having tried A. A. Smyth's *Champion of American Table Sauce*, we are prepared to say that it is the best in use. As a condiment it is unequalled. Try it ladies.

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PURIFY THE BLOOD and
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NO NAUSEA; NO GRIPING PAINS, BUT MILD, PLEASANT and SAFE IN OPERATION.

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TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM

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